NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 36 —VOL. XX. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1808. NO. 1026.

THE MASK :—A TRUE STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

The Count could scarcely restrain the tu- of his feelings. Seating himself with her corner of the hall, lest they should excite notice, and become the butt of the compa- he employed all his eloquence, and sum- ned to his aid all the promises he could think to prevail on her either to tell him her me, or what would be still more agreeable, unmask. She long refused, or rather kept ence. At last when he conjured her by all t is sacred on earth or in heaven, and if she ever loved, by the object of her affection, answered, but still not without apparent uctance. " Well, your request shall be nied—I will unmask, but not here; If you ow of any safe and retired apartment in the ace, and still persist in your curiosity, con- t me to it."

He instantly arose. " But, I fear, Count," inued she, " or rather, I am certain that will repent your obstinacy." Instead of lying, he offered her his arm.

They departed. One out of the suite of a- tments that ran the length of the hall, was ened without hesitation for the favourite of prince. They entered—the mask first ked round to see whether they were alone. ving satisfied herself on this point, she once re asked her conductor, if he wished to see real countenance? " Yes, yes; I implore s the greatest of favours."—" Be it so!" removed the mask, and the Count sunk as thunderstruck upon the floor, for he beheld death's head!!!

How long he remained in this condition can- be stated with accuracy. To the care of prince, he was, probably, indebted for recovery, before it was too late. He had pt an attentive eye upon his favourite. His *tête-a tête* with a mask that nobody knew, warmth of their conversation, or rather warmth with which the Count engrossed most the whole of it to himself; the lively erest he took in this person, which caused to forget all that was passing around him, cited no small degree of astonishment in the uke. His surprise was increased to the high- pitch, when he, at length, saw them both lk straight away from the hall. Gladly ould his serene highness have ascribed it to cause which is said not unfrequently to oc- at masquerades; for then he would have rtily rejoiced at the cure of grief so pro- und. Such a change he, however, thought sudden; the air of the conversation ap- ared too grave, and so open a departure om the company too incautious. That the ount had retired for the night without pay- g his respects to the prince, was not to be pposed.

As Count T—— had now been absent for me time, and did not return, the prince be- n to be seriously alarmed; he made more ticular inquiries, and was informed that ey had gone into a certain apartment and ut the door. He went thither; and after calling to no puspose, opened the door, and beheld the Count extended in the middle of the apartment, with all the appearances of death. Surgeons and attendants were instantly summoned to his aid—all their efforts to restore animation were a long time ineffectual. When the Count came to himself, and seemed somewhat recovered, the prince urgently intreated him to disclose the cause of the accident. The Count gave a faithful narrative of the whole affair. The Duke was in the utmost astonishment, and would have suspected that the Count was delirious, had not his pulse and the testimony of the medical attendants, refuted such an idea. Nay, the prince himself had, with his own eyes, beheld at least some part of this extraordinary occurrence.

The strictest inquiry was now made for the mask. Nobody had seen her go away, or even come out of the room; and yet she was no where to be found. All the hackney-coachmen that were drawn up before the palace, all the gentlemen's servants, were interrogated; none of them had driven or attended her. At last, when they were all tired of inquiring, two chairmen came forward. They had, they said, been called about an hour before to take up a female domino, who came out of a back door of the palace. Being asked where they had set her down, they at first hesitated to tell—but when farther urged, they replied, " At the church-yard." They added that the mask had directed them to stop there; that when she was set down, she put an old ducat, covered all over with mould, into one of their hands—that she then went to the church-yard gate, which she opened with a single touch, and quickly shut it again after her. What afterwards became of her, they knew not. As far as their terror and astonishment would permit them to observe, she had sunk into the tomb on the right hand, as she the there vanished from their sight.

In the very spot described by the chairmen was the family vault of the Count. There his deceased consort was interred The door of the vault was next morning found open. No farther traces could be discovered; and in despite of repeated inquiries, nothing more was heard or seen of this mask,

It is easy to conceive that this event, when it became known—and it could not but be known the next morning to every person in B——, produced an uncommon sensation;—and many different opinions formed concerning it. The multitude took it for an actual apparition; another, and not an inconsiderable portion, assuming an air of profound wisdom, came to no decision at all; and a few imagined that something of human artifice must be at the bottom,

They justly observed, that a spirit would not have wanted a couple of chairmen to carry it away. " If," said they, " the spirits of the departed were actually permitted to appear to the living; if they could on such occasions assume the former body, with all its clothing and appurtenances, still this apparition was highly censurable. What was it intended for? was it a visit of punishment? How had the Count deserved it? Or was it a friendly visit? in this case, neither time, place, or manner, could have been worse chosen: and it would prove that, on the other side of the grave, people behave still more inconsistently than they, alas! so frequently act on this side of it."

The sentiments of this last class were certainly the most rational; but unfortunately the virtuous Count had too much warmth of feeling, and too little strength of mind, to adopt them. He was thoroughly convinced that his wife's spirit had actually appeared to him, for the purpose of admonishing him never to forget her. He now withdrew, still more rigidly than before, from all diversions, and andulged still more freely in his sorrow and his love of solitude. No persuasions, no remonstrances had any effect. His health, already impaired, received a severe shock from the fright, and still greater injury from this mode of life—it continued on the decline.—Before a year elapsed, symptoms of a confirmed consumption appeared: and towards the the conclusion of the second he expired. On this event, the apparition was again, for a time the subject of conversation; after which it was again forgotten, at least for a considerable interval.

About twenty-five years afterwards, an elderly lady of honour, the Baroness U——, was gathered to her right noble and illustrious ancestors. She made, as it is called, a very edifying exit; and by her will bequeathed a legacy of 50 dollars to the church and schools. Soon after her interment, a story, to which she had herself given occasion, by a confession made on her death-bed, began to be whispered in the higher circles. The substance of it was as follows:—

" Count T—— had been in her youth the first, and, it might be said also, the only object of her affection. Encouraged by herself, he had, for some time, professed himself her admirer, and possessed her favour in the fullest measure. On her side she was perfectly serious, but probably he was not the same on his, for, in a few months, he suspended his assiduities, and soon afterwards publicly courted the hand of the lady who became his wife,—This conduct was thought extremely natural by the rest of the fashionable world, and Baroneis U—— alone deemed it an heinous offence. With a heart deeply wounded at his inconstancy, she at first made some attempts to recal her unfaithful lover; but, as they all proved ineffectual, she had secretly vowed to take the most signal revenge. To effect her purpose with the greater security, she displayed in her exterior so much serenity and composure, that her acquaintance, and even the Count himself, were deceived by it. A new lover was received by her with the utmost cordiality, merely for the purpose of strengthening the delusion, and at length, she even succeeded in gaining the confidence of the newly married Countess T——.

" Thus she continued to be intimately acquainted with all his domestic circumstances; she had always watched for an opportunity for

revenge, but had never been able to gain one that satisfied her. The death of the young Countess, which certainly was unexpected, but not unwished, her hopes of regaining his heart revived for a few days. But as his affection would scarcely deign to bestow on her a single look, as he had entirely cast off all intercourse with her, as with many others, this fresh injustice, his grief, and the masquerade, gave birth to the idea of practising a little deception, in order to increase the acuteness of his pain. Having rather more *embonpoint* than the late Countess, she had compressed herself with a pair of tight laced stays: and in every other particular had imitated that original as closely as possible. His imagination, the mask itself, and the tone of their conversation, made amends for many deficiencies. As she had appeared at an early hour at the masquerade, in a totally different dress, had purposely spoken to several persons, and even taken off her mask for a few moments close by the Prince and his favourite, it was impossible that the Count, on her appearance in her second dress, should have any suspicion of her. The death's head was a mask under the exterior mask. She had previously taken for granted, that terror would prevent the Count from examining it very closely—but in the worst case every one of her expressions was susceptible of a twofold explanation. She had long been acquainted with the apartment a tapestry door, and a back stair case close by it. Imperceptibly to himself, she had easily led the Court impatient for the discovery. Her woman, her only confidant, and who had taken care of her from her youth, offended by the Count for refusing to procure her son a place about the court, had been her assistant in this business. This woman, with a pick-lock, opened the church-yard gate, where she ordered the chairman to set her down, and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, and the horrors of the place, waited for her there with her first dress. She had returned to the masquerade before the Count was found.

From that moment it was next to an impossibility that she should be suspected; and so little apprehension did she feel on that subject, that she stood close by one of the chairmen when he was obliged to repeat his wonderful story to the Duke. Her plan of revenge had succeeded to the utmost of her wishes, nay, almost still farther. Her woman, the only depository of her secret, had long been dead; but for her own part, she found it impossible to leave the world without unburdening her heart by an upright confession."

Such was the account that was given of the occurrence. It is not impossible but rumour, which seldom fails to make additions to such a story, may have altered many little circumstances. It affords, however, a sufficient explanation of every thing that at first appeared almost inexplicable; and whoever thinks that the revenge of the Baroness U—— was carried too far, let him recollect this important truth, that in woman slighted love thinks no danger too formidable, no revenge too cruel.

MONEY.

PETRARCH, in a letter to his friend Settimo, gives us his opinion of the origin and uses of gold; which, though it may offend the worldling, will accord with the feelings of the philosopher and moralist:—'It is made,' says he, 'to solace the wants and not to nourish the passions of men. In this view it was originally sought from the mines, purified, struck, and stamped. He who expends it properly is its master: he who lays it up, its keeper, he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; he who adores it, an idolator—The truly wise is he who despises it.

MORAL OBSERVATIONS.

One absurdity, or bad action, will ever beget another to support it.

A man gains more enemies by partiality, than he makes friends.

The ungenerous can have no claim to friendship, nor have they a right to murmur at retaliation.

A sordid penury creates more enemies than generosity makes friends.

It is prudent and just, to discredit the man who has once deceived you.

Economy is the parent of greatness.

AN EMBLEM OF OLD AGE.

HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me the autumnal gloom;
Learn from hence your fate to-morrow,
Dead perhaps—laid in the tomb.

See all nature, fading, dying,
Silence all things seem to mourn;
Life from vegetation flying,
Minds us of our mouldering urn.

Oft in Autumn tempests rising,
Makes the lofty forests nod:
Scenes of nature how surprising,
Read in nature, nature's God.

See our sovereign, sole Creator,
Lives eternal in the sky;
While ye mortals yield to nature,
Bloom awhile, then fade and die.

Nations die by dread Bellona,
Through enraged tyrannic kings;
Just as plants from pale Pomona,
Fall to rise in future springs.

Mournful scene when vegetation
Dies by frost, or worms devour:
Doubly mournful when a nation
Dies by neighbouring nation's power.

Death and war my mind depresses,
Autumn shews my own decay,
Calls to mind my past distresses,
Warns me of my dying day.

Autumn gives me melancholy,
Strikes dejection through my soul;
While I mourn my former folly,
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll.

Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise;
While I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from mine eyes.

What to me are Autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy?
Long I've lost all youthful treasures,
Time must youth and health destroy.

Pleasure once I fondly courted,
Blooming as the blushing rose;
Ah! to see where once I sported,
Now embitters all my woes.

Age and sorrow since have blasted,
Every youthful, pleasing dream;
Quivering age with youth contrasted,
Oh! how short our glories seem.

Former friends, how oft I've sought 'em,
Just to cheer my drooping mind;
But they're gone like leaves in Autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind.

When a few more years are wasted,
When a few more springs are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall fall to bloom no more.

Fast my sun of life declining,
Soon will set in endless night;
But my hopes, pure and refining,
Rest in future life and light.

Cease this fearing, trembling, sighing,
Death shall break this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirits fluttering, flying,
Must be borne beyond the tomb.

TO A BAD POET.

Your verses, friend, I think with you,
Surpassing all in one sense;
Dam right and *sound*, you said—'tis true;
All *sound* and *downright* nonsense.

MERRIMENT.

A STUPID story or idea, will sometimes make one laugh more than wit. I was once removing from Berkeley-square to Strawberry-hill, and had packed off all my books, when a message unexpectedly arrived, which fixed me in town for that afternoon. What to do! I desired my man to rummage for a book, and he brought me an old Grub street [illegible] from the garret. The author, in sheer ignorance, not humour, discoursing on the difficulty of some pursuit, said, 'that even if a man had as many lives as a cat; nay, as many lives as one PLUTARCH is said to have have had, he could not accomplish it.' This *quid pro quo* surprised me into vehement laughter.

Rock, the comedian, when at Covent-garden, advised one of the scene shifters, who had met with an accident, to the plan of a subscription; and a few days afterwards he asked for the list of names, which, when he had read it over, he returned. 'Why, Rock,' says the poor fellow, 'wont you put me something?' 'Why, zounds, man, did not I *give* you the hint?'

A gentleman who sat to Hayman for his portrait desired that it might be kept a secret. Notwithstanding such injunction, the artist showed it to some of his friends, who not being able to discover any likeness, Hayman observed, that the gentleman wished it to be *kept a secret*.

A certain poet and player, remarkable for their impudence and his cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Powel, another player, received from him a smart box on the ear. A few days after, the former having lost his snuff box, was making strict inquiry if any body had found his box. 'What,' said another of the theatrical punsters, 'that which George Powel gave you the other night.'

A devotee lamented to her confessor her love of gambling. 'Ah! madam,' replied the priest, 'it is a grievous sin. In the first place consider the great loss of time.' 'Yes,' replied the fair penitent, 'I often begrudged the time that is lost in *shuffling* and *dealing*.'

A tavern keeper in North Carolina, in advertising a thief, gives the following traits, amongst others, whereby to identify him: 'He drinks stiff grog, flinches and winces remarkably under a horse whipping, and who (if little things can be compared to great) is like Bonaparte, a general plunderer and common enemy of mankind.'

Lady —— is fond of stupid stories. She reported one of a Welch scullion wench, who, on hearing the servants speak of new moons, asked, gravely, what become of all the OLD moons.

ANECDOTES OF GEN. JUNOT.

JUNOT is a native of Orleans. His origin is too obscure to be traced; and, before the revolution, he was a private soldier in the French guards. At the siege of Toulon, early in 1794, he became first personally known to Bonaparte, who there commanded a detachment of the artillery. His aid-de-camp having killed close to his side, while employed in taking down a *process verbal* or notes of the passing transactions, Bonaparte called out to send him instantly a person who could read and write. Junot then in the ranks, possessing these qualifications, was selected to fill the place of the aid-de-camp who had fallen. But scarcely had he written a few lines

which Bonaparte dictated, when a cannon ball that tore up the ground before them, filled their eyes with dust. "How fortunate!" observed Junot with perfect composure, "I wanted some sand for my paper, and here it comes!" The *sang froid* with which this remark was made, attracted Bonaparte's attention. He demanded of Junot his name, and from that day retained him near his own person.—He has risen under his master to the summit of revolutionary honours, dignities, and emoluments, At this time he is Governor general of Portugal, Colonel-general of the Hussars, a General on the Staff, Governor of Paris, and Duke of Abrantes, one of the most ancient extinct Portuguese titles. His income, including the lands assigned him in Poland, does not fall short of 17,000L sterling a year. Junot is in the vigour of his age, of a figure uncouth and vulgar; his face seamed with scars, and his manners corresponding with his external appearance. He married, nevertheless, a few years ago, an Albanian Princess.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1808.

DIED—On Saturday evening last, at his house in Newark, Alexander Cumming Mac-Whorter, Esq. Counsellor at law. His death is universally lamented as a public character. This gentleman was a native of this town; he had an early, liberal, and correct education, under the immediate direction of his father, the late Rev. Doctor Alexander Mac-Whorter. After taking the usual degrees in Princeton College, he applied himself to the study of the law, and soon became a distinguished member of the bar at New-Jersey, at which he practised with great reputation for nearly twenty years—during most of which time he executed the office of Surrogate of Essex, with great integrity. He was blessed with a sound judgment, cultivated understanding, elevated mind, and amiable disposition. His strong, discriminating, and distinguishing powers were rendered more useful and agreeable by the candour and liberality with which he used them—and although he advocated the cause of his clients with firmness and faithfulness, yet decency was never tortured with improper severities on their adversaries. He was heard with pleasure by the court, and listened to by the Jury and audience with delight,—while the dignity of his manners, and purity of his sentiments acquired him the esteem and respect of all that heard or knew him—even party pursuits, so apt to mislead the judgment, never seduced him into a dishonorable action—in whatever situation he was plared, he was the same honest, upright man.

As a citizen he was liberal, active, and useful; as a husband and parent, tender, affectionate, and indulgent; as a friend, uniform, sincere, and disinterested. A purity of mind that on no occasion forsook, regulated all his actions. He bore his last illness with patience and resignation. He has left an amiable widow, with a family of young children; to lament the irreparable loss of so excellent a husband and father. By his death society is bereaved of one of its brightest ornaments, the profession to which he belonged, one of its most dignified members, and his friends the consolation of his society and advice. God, who orders all things according to his infinite wisdom, has said, that this man shall be cut off in the middle of his age, and the midst of all his usefulness, and it is done—and who shall murmur or complain!

Newark Centinel.

Elevated Warfare—A singular species of duel has lately taken place at Paris. M. Grandpre and M. La Pique having quarreled about a celebrated opera dancer, who was kept by the former, but had been discovered in an intrigue with the latter, a challenge ensued. Being both men of *elevated* minds, they agreed to fight in balloons. On the day appointed the parties met at a field adjoining the Thuilleries, where their respective balloons were ready to receive them. Each attended by his second, ascended his car, with loaded blunderbusses, as pistols could not be expected to be efficient in their probable situations. A multitude attended, hearing of the balloons, but little dreaming of the purpose; the Parisians merely looked for the novelty of a balloon race. At 9 o'clock the cords were cut, and the balloons ascended majestically, amidst the shouts of the spectators. The wind was moderate, blowing from N. N. W. and they kept, as far as could be judged, within eighty yards of each other. When they had mounted to the height of about nine hundred yards, M. La Pique fired his piece ineffectually; almost immediately after, the fire was returned by M. Grandpre, and perforated his adversary's balloon, the consequence of which was its rapid descent, and M. Le Pique and his second, were dashed to pieces on a house top over which the balloon fell. The victorious Grandpre then mounted aloof in the grandest style, and descended safe, with his second, about seven leagues from the place of ascension.

Lon. Pap. July 24.

On Sunday the 31st of July last, a young man of the name of Russel, was shot, stabbed, and scalped, between Kaskaskia and Beaucoup rivers, by a rascally outlaw Indian, and a half breed Piankyshaw and Delaware; his friends may have his property by applying to the Coroner of Kaskaskia. The villain could not catch his horse. The saddle-bags contain a suit of cotton clothes, and twenty-five dollars and a half

Louisville Gaz.

On Wednesday noon, there was found on Charlestown Flats, near the Navy Yard, the body of a young woman, supposed to be about twenty-two years of age; having two bundles tied on her shoulders, containing clothes. Her linen was marked L. C. and in one of the bundles was found a Pantographical Dictionary, with Ebenezer Weswall's name written in the same. The apparel was good; and the deceased appeared to have been a handsome person, and unaccustomed to hard labour. The verdict of the Coroner's Inquest was "Accidental Death."

Boston Paper.

TO LETT,

THE HOUSE, NO 92 LIBERTY-STREET.

Inquire of Mrs. Todd, on the premises.

October 15 1026—tf

☞ Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

AN HISTORICAL COMPEND,

CONTAINING

A brief survey of the great line of History, from the earliest times to the present day, together with a general view of the present state of the World with respect to civilization, religion, and government, and a brief dissertation on the importance of historical knowledge, in two volumes, by Samuel Whelpley, A M Principal of the Morris Academy

For sale by C. Harrison, 3 Peck slip.

TO THE LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS

JOHN MARRAS,

PAINTER OF PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE,

being lately returned from the country, and intending to stay four weeks in this place, has the honour of inviting the Lovers of the Fine Arts to come and see his collection of Paintings in Miniature, copied by himself from the most famous paintings in Italy.—The advertiser lives in Broadway, No. 159.

September 24 1023—1m

COURT OF HYMEN.

Sweet are the moments of the wooing hour,
And sweet the vows which mutual loves impart—
Yet more delicious far, when Hymen's power,
From two, forms one inseparable heart.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Mr. Williams, Mr. Harman Johnston, to Mrs. Richardson, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Nott, Mr. Nicholas Van Patten, to Miss Eliza Valkenburgh, all of Schenectady.

On Wednesday evening, at Brooklyn, Long Island, by the Rev Mr. Woodhull, Mr. Jacob Harris, merchant, to Miss Idah Schenck, daughter of Martin Schenck, Esq. of that place.

MORTALITY.

Thus courage, beauty, sentiment and wit,
Bloom in an hour, and bloom but to decay—
Life quits its supplants as the airy sprite,
Before the morning gale flies fast away.

DIED,

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Jephson, aged 47 years.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs Frances Jones, aged 76 years and 7 months

On Wednesday morning, of a typhus fever, aged 70 years, John Murray, Esq. of the house of John Murray and Sons.

On the same morning, suddenly, Mr. Andrew Morrell, aged 41 years.

Early on Thursday morning, in the 28th year of his age, Dr Henry Charles Kunze, only son of the late Rev. Dr Kunze.

At Philadelphia on Wednesday morning, aged 64 years, Mrs Sarah Bache, only daughter of the late venerable Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

At Bradford, Vermont, on the 30th ult. the Honourable John Innes Clark, aged 63 years.

THE TOMBS.

Ah! how peaceful are we
From existence set free!
In these cells, we nor toils nor adversi ies fear,
Soft asylum of woe,
No sorrows we know,
But the rest and composure of heaven is here.

Here in slumbers repose,
Alike friends and their foes,
The mighty are placed on a level with clowns;
Vain grandeur and pride
Are laid careless aside—
Even monarchs forget the distinction of crowns.

Ever merciful tomb!
Ever pitiless womb!
This opens, that closes a prospect of strife—
Our day is gone past,
We are happy at last,
Disencumbered of all the vain frailties of life.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

Price One Dollar,

AND FOR SALE BY JOHN TIEBOUT,

No. 238, Water-street,

EIGHTEEN SERMONS,

PREACHED

BY THE LATE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, A. M.

Taken verbatim in Short-hand, and faithfully transcribed,

BY JOSEPH GURNEY.

REVISED BY ANDREW GIFFORD, D. D.

Subscribers will please to call for their books.

October 15 1026—3m

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

A POEM, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE tender mother see surrounded
By her children blithe and gay!
Her heart with joy and love unbounded
Leaps, as they about her play.

While one with fondness she caresses,
Her gentle hand his little brother
Softly to her bosom presses,
And her knee supports another.

See him climb :—her arm extended
Gives the feeble urchin aid;
While her out stretch'd foot suspended,
For his sister's seat is made.

In their looks and fond embraces,
In their kisses and their sighs,
Their thousand little wants she traces,
And with care them all supplies

All at once they round her prattle;
She, in silence all the while,
Their half-formed words and noisy rattle
Answers with a tender smile.

If she attempts to change her manner,
And would severity display,
Her eyes when most expressing anger
Still the Mother's love betray.

So the providence of heaven
Watches o'er the human race;
From love divine to man are given
Treasures of unbounded grace.

The great, the rulers of the ball;
The peasant in his humble cot;
It 'kindly bounteous hears them all,'
And cheers the high or lowly lot.

Its constant goodness ever sure
Distributes to all nature joys:
Impartial deals out pleasures pure,
And fond paternal care employs.

Oh! then, let man no more accuse
Heaven of rigour or neglect,
If sometimes it a boon refuse
Which most his wishes may effect.

Tis but to nurse thy languid zeal,
To raise thy falling faith on high,
That disappointment thou must feel,
And long delays thy patience try.

Or, rather, *thus*, does love supreme
Its wisdom most conspicuous show:
And to refuse thee though it seem,
A favour *even then* bestow.

P. L.

There is not only *ingenuity*, but TRUTH, in the following compliment

TO WOMAN.

EACH creature's linked to that below it,
All nature, if observed, will show it—
And upwards still our search will prove
Each creature linked to that above.
Heaven, when it had created MAN,
Unfinished found creation's plan;
Though *Men* and *Angels* were akin,
A chasm still appeared between—
Nor would the links together meet,
'Till WOMAN made the chain complete.

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

An immediate, safe, and effectual remedy in the most inveterate cases of *BILIOUS CHOLIC*, and is peculiarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of BILE. It may be used to great advantage in *Complaints of the Bowels generally*, and is as agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from the proprietor (a resident of New-Jersey), who having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, considers it a duty highly incumbent to place it mere in the way of his fellow-creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these auxiliaries are *too often abused* in recommending *trash* as *specifics in every complaint*.

A trial of the Bilious Cordial will in itself be its best recommendation.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

JUST RECEIVED,

From Philadelphia, (price twenty-five cents),
And for sale by J. K. Furman, No. 106, Water street, and at this office,
GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST MURDER,
OR,
THE DROWNED WIFE,
A TRAGEDY.

Lately performed, with unbounded applause, (of the Devil and his Court,) *by Ned Findley, esquire*, one of the Grand Company of Tragedians in the service of the Black Prince, who was so highly gratified with NED'S performance, that he instantly provided him Rooms in one of his own *Palaces*—created him a Knight of the most ignoble order of the Halter, clapped bracelets on his wrists, and an ornament round his neck, and in a few days promoted him to the ridge pole of the gallows, at Edgefield Court-House, South Carolina. By M. L. WEEMS, of Lodge No. 50, Dumfries.

October 8. 1025—2t

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,

ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale at No 104 Maiden lane

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warrantted, tight, by C ALFORD
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

NEW NOVEL.

JUST PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE AT
C. HARRISON'S BOOK-STORE,
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP,
GRIFFITH ABBEY;
OR,
MEMOIRS OF EUGENIA.
By that celebrated authoress Mrs. C. Matthews.
TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.
Price 75 cents in boards, or one dollar neatly bound

FOR SALE.

At Mrs Millers No. 148 William Street a handsome assortment of English straw Hats.

JEWELRY,

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enameld, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces, and gold do bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the low as prices and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF
TORTOISE SHELL COMBS
FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
FROM LONDON,
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymiel Cosmetic Wash Ball far superor to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemens Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smiths improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12 bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose 2s 6d

Smith's Sarcoynette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond powder for the skin 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3 and 1s 6d

Smith's celabrated Corn Plaister 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

*** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen knives, Scissars, Totoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 1, 1808

WHITE TEETH,

Doctor Fay, Surgen Dentist, NO. 12 Bowery-Lane continues to perform every necessary opperation upon the Teeth & Gums, inserts artificial Teeth with little or no pain, firm & natural as life Files, plugs, and extracts Teeth in the easiest & neatest manner. Cleans Teeth without the usual disagreeable necessity of the file or instrument, or the least injury to the enamel and gives them a most beautiful *Ivory whiteness* by the use of his *Specific Lotion* for the teeth which is prepared and sold at his Office only, at 50 Cents per Bottle. It is warrated harmless & a sure cure for the Scurvy.

September 10th 1808 1021 tf

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON
NO. 3 *PECK-SLIP.*
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.
PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE

011741
26 Aug 48
Copy